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WILLY WOOD,
AND
GREEDY GRIZZLE:

A

TALE OF THE PRESENT CENTURY,

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Civil be to him who Civil thinks.

TO WHICH ARE SUBJOINED

THREE NEW SONGS.

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR:

SOLD BY J. FORBES, TAVISTOCK-ROW, COVENT-GARDEN;
AND ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

GOOD KILLIN

CHATHAM 270

TO THE

MAGISTERIAL ROOKS

The Corporation of *Bur-castle*.

CROAKING SIRS!

As a tender unfledged Gosling naturally seeks for shelter and protection under the wings of an *Old Goose*—it is humbly hoped you will not be offended at a poor, unfeathered poetical Rook thus craving permission to perch upon the *Vane** of your *towering sagacity*, where cheer'd by the rays of your *municipal sun*, it may be taught to *croak* itself into a state of

* Some few years back, a crow built her nest upon the point of the Exchange Vane, where she still holds her residence.

mature and profound *loquacity*, correspondent with the rarest rhetoric of your corporate forum.

THOUGH birds of *our* species can rarely boast of too much *melody* in their *vocal* faculties, yet, *elevated* by your patronage, I shall attempt to rant forth a remarkably queer story, and thereby strive to prove myself a merry and true

BROTHER ROOK

Of the right Breed.

From my Nest on the Vane,

DEC. 21, 1791.

A D D R E S S

TO MY NORTHERN PATRONS.

REVER'D Protectors of this merry book,

My worthy Countrymen, and greatest Friends!

Permit the *burring* of a brother Rook,

Whose heart to gratitude for ever tends.

Here, perch'd upon your ever-whirling *Vane*,

Where sorely scorch'd by torrid solar rays,

Or froze by frigid Boreas' piercing pain,

I clearly croak a carol to your praise.

Great grow the treasure of your borough-box!

Long may your commerce bear its thriving form!

O ! may your barks ne'er drive on rugged rocks,

Nor sailors perish in the roaring storm !

When griping misers shall at riches rail,
And careless at their strong barr'd coffers spurn;
When hardy tars refuse t'unfurl the sail,
Or northern coals for ever cease to burn;

Then shall my very fervid—grateful heart
Your meritorious character desert !

THE ROOK.

THE AUTHOR's APOLOGY,

For not doing what others have always done.

THE story, that gave birth to the following pages, afforded, some few years back, a scope for much mirth in a northern corporation, which, for obvious reasons, is here denominated *Bur-castle*.

THE writer—aware of exposing himself to a newfangled construction of the *Law of Libels*, by forming his Tale entirely of *Truth*—has endeavoured to blend a portion of the alloy of *Fiction* in his materials, so as to render it in some degree congenial to that *very wise and truly constitutional* hypothesis.

It is not his intention to imitate some of our modern *biographical tinkers*, who, in botching up one hole in a man's public reputation, contrive to make ten in his moral character; nor will he venally fulfil the *living fame* of the dead, for the purpose of varnishing the *dead fame*

of the *living*. Neither does he pretend to possess the prevailing art of proving *black is white*—that belongs to the *legal Solons* of the present day.

He has contented himself with a plain English motto to his Title page—for this simple reason—like many of his scribbling brethren, *he knows nothing of the ancient foreign languages*, although 'tis true he might, *like some of them*, have bought such a learned embellishment from one of those needy retailers of classic garnish, who vend their scraps of literature in the same manner that traders do their various commodities. He should not, indeed, be surprised to hear, in a short time, foreign mottos and quotations hawked through the streets with as much vociferation as *Tiddy-döll* cries his hot gingerbread!

(Entered in Stationers Hall.)

WILLY WOOD.

A MUSE, well vers'd in classic lore,
To proud Parnassus' top may soar ;
But mine, in humble strains to sing,
Seeks not a Pegasean wing ;
And tho' the bards of yore were wont
To quaff the Heliconian font,
Because its potent draught could raise
A spirit to their lyric lays ;
Yet still this rhyming Muse of mine,
Conceives the tide of dingy Tyne
Inspires her mirth—as much as wine.

B

And artless numbers must prevail,
When truth pervades a simple tale.

AN ancient town stands south of Tweed,
Whose natives are of mongrel breed—
Where English, Irish, Welch, and Scotch,
Promiscuous form a mere hotch-potch ;
An active, het'rogeneous race,
With commerce painted on each face,
Like swarms of busy bees contrive
To buzz around a wealthy hive,
And give to London many a shoal
Of salmon-trout—with freights of coal :
Far fam'd, besides, for humming ale,
But more for what shall form our tale.

A MAN dwelt here, nam'd WILLY Wood,
Thro' whose coarse veins flow'd rustic blood ;
And he, poor fellow ! was content
To own himself of mean descent :
But tho' he took so little pains,
Perhaps the tide of WILLY's veins

Might be untainted, pure, and clear,
As that of many a noble peer—
Unless, indeed, the breath of kings
Can purify polluted springs.

OUR hero, tho' we know not how,
Or why, resign'd the toilsome plough,
And bent his future views to town—
Perhaps in search of fair renown,
Or thought the profits of a shop
For wane of life might rear a prop.
A shop he therefore took, and made
An effort to extend his trade ;
And then conceiv'd a careful wife
Would mellow all the joys of life ;
Nor car'd he whether old or young,
Possessing not Xantippe's tongue,
Nor heeded tho' his wedded chum
(If warm in purse) were deaf and dumb.

HE now employ'd his ears and eyes
In searching for a wealthy prize ;

Until at length a crummy dame
Fann'd up his passion to a flame,
Or rather 'twas the golden dart
Of Mammon prob'd his Fordid heart.
But here a circumstance arose,
That did his project discompose :
Our matron had a daughter fair,
A blooming maid, of graceful air,
Who, from her face it might appear,
Had not attain'd her twentieth year,
Tho' prudence surely will admit,
The mother for his wife most fit,
Yet beauty's all-subduing charm
Can make the frigid bosom warm ;
So WILLY felt his youth renew,
With rampant force, at *fifty-two!*
But till this time, the Muse will own,
He'd ne'er so strong a passion known ;
No wonder, therefore, need it raise,
His love burst out with potent blaze.
Yet still a very great demur
Did to our hero's breast occur :

If, with the daughter, he could gain
The mother's purse, his choice was plain;
For well aware was WILLY WOOD,
That beauty was but meagre food;
“ Odsbobs! said he, if I should take
“ The maiden for her beauty's sake,
“ Things then, perchance, may come to pass,
“ To prove me but a stupid afs,
“ For buckling thus upon my back
“ A romping girl not worth a plack.
“ On t'other side, if I should gain
“ The widow's hand, why then 'tis plain,
“ I thus secure unto myself
“ Th' exclusive right to all her pelf:
“ Besides, we must admit this truth,
“ The lass might live, from strength of youth,
“ Lord knows how long—nay, worse than that,
“ Might breed me many a yelping brat,
“ To plague and teaze my wint'ry days,
“ And all my golden hopes eraze.
“ The mother too, beyond her prime,
“ And surely past her bearing-time,

“ Can therefore give no cause to fear
“ A hungry offspring may appear :
“ Nor is presumptive proof so strong,
“ She'll live to tease me quite so long.”

Thus reas'ning like a prudent priest,

Of two great ills he chose the least ;

At length determin'd, WILLY WOOD

Began to think in serious mood,

Upon the necessary schemes,

To realize his splendid dreams.

THE reader here, perhaps, may ask,

Is that so very hard a task ?

Is it so difficult a part

To gain a wanton widow's heart ?

The Muse says—No—but then our blade

Knew little of the lover's trade ;

He never had, indeed, before

Address'd a woman on this score ;

Nay, some aver it strictly true,

That WILLY ne'er a woman knew !

But that the Muse will frankly own,

To those concern'd must best be known.

Now meagre hardships, WILLY WOOD
Was goaded on by flesh and blood,
And, conscious of his just pretence,
He arm'd his heart with confidence:
As novices will oft obtain
What bold adepts attempt in vain,
So 'twas with our unpolish'd wight,
Who stumbled headlong on the right.

OUR prudent dame, to gain her bread,
Sold pins and needles—silk and thread,
With ribbons, laces, tape, and toys,
For pretty little girls and boys ;
And did, for full twelve months or more,
Her late dear husband's loss deplore,
Pining the while in widowhood,
Before she heard of WILLY WOOD.

HIS first addresses how to pay,
Or how to act, or what to say,
Employ'd his thoughts both night and day : }
Altho' the Muse admits his sense
Was not o'erstock'd with diffidence.

At length it enter'd WILLY's head,
To go and buy some tape and thread :
An interview that might oblige,
And help him to commence his siege :
Then having wash'd his face, and drest
Himself in all his very best,
Omitting not his Sunday wig,
He strutted forth supremely big,—
Grave as a legate from the Pope,
With nought to fear, but much to hope.
He shap'd his course to GRIZZLE's shop,
Resolv'd some tender hint to drop,
Whereby the widow plain might know
What happiness *he* could bestow.

ARRIV'D, he grin'd with vacant gape,
And ask'd to see her thread and tape ;
Which while she look'd for, WILLY's eye
Gaz'd round, to see if none was nigh ;
Till, well convinc'd the coast was clear,
He thus began his love career :—
“ Why, look ye—(then he scratch'd his pate,
Grinn'd, laugh'd, and bow'd, with boorish gait)

" An' some folk had sic love for me,
" As I bear them—I'd happy be;
" But, wunters ! all deceit is vain,
" Sae, Ife be downright free and plain :
" To yen like me, of sober life,
" Ye'd make a very canny wife ;
" Sae therefore, without mair a dee,
" If ye'll ha' me—why Ife ha' yee ! "

Now WILLY, from the goods he bought,
A taylor seem'd in GRIZZLE's thought ;
Who—not admiring such a trade,
This replication gruffly made :—
" Indeed, my friend, whoe'er you be,
" You're not a husband fit for me ;
" For when inclin'd to change my plan,
" Resolv'd am I to wed a *man*."—
" A man !" exclaim'd he fierce as Roman,
" What plague d'ye take me for—a woman ?"
" O no !" said she, " I well know which,
" So don't be angry—master *Stitch* !

“ But ere you think of bridal pleasure,
“ Pray, do go home—and mind your measure.”

Well might the edge of GRIZZLE's tongue
Have shap'd a flint into a dung;
No wonder, therefore, WILLY, scar'd,
Withdrew abrupt, and home repair'd,
Convinc'd he made a good escape;
'Till missing both his thread and tape;
He trotted back without delay,
To fetch his bargain'd goods away;
For WILLY ever had maintain'd,
A penny fav'd—a penny gain'd.
But what could equal his surprize,
When GRIZZLE's daughter caught his eyes!
Forgetting then his errand back,
His love commenc'd a fresh attack.
As when some hungry wolf espies
A harmless lamb, and fiercely flies
Upon the inoffensive prey,
To drag it to its fate away;

And Greedy Grizzle. 11

So WILLY made a gallant pass,
And seiz'd the unsuspecting lass ;
Nor would the rampant wight desist,
Till prostrate fell'd by GRIZZLE's fist,
Who, at this very nick of time,
Arriv'd, to bar his wicked crime :—
“ Base fellow ! is it thus you prove
“ The truth of all your boasted love ? ”
Then gave him, rising, t'other shove.

‘TWEEN two offended women hemm'd
Poor WILLY, like a man condemn'd,
Protested that he meant no worse,
Than kiss the child for love of nurse.
But diff'rent passions prepossest
The mother's and the daughter's breast ;
The first by jealous fury fir'd,
The last with proud contempt inspir'd :
And now the clapper of each tongue
With loud reproach alternate rung,
For both were pretty glibly hung !

One call'd him base and dissolute,
The other—filthy wicked brute ;
Nor ceas'd arraigning thus their guest,
Till rage, exhausted, sunk to rest,
Producing thence a healing balm,
As rude tornadoes do a calm.

Now JENNY, orderd to withdraw,
Obey'd—for GRIZZLE's word was law ;
Whose tongue, the sword of woman's might,
Assaulted thus our wanton wight :—
“ O fie ! for shame ! a man like you
“ Attempt such wicked things to do !
“ In troth, I took you for a faint,
“ Whose actions ne'er could virtue taint ;
“ But by your conduct so uncivil,
“ ’Tis plain that you're a very devil !
“ And then to set up such a plea,
“ That kissing Jane was—love for me !
“ But, false and base like all your sex,
“ Your sole delight's to plague and vex :
“ O WILLY ! WILLY ! you must know,
“ ’Tis very wrong to serve one so !”

But here, to WILLY's great surprize,
A crystal flood, from GRIZZLE's eyes,
Of pungent grief and sorrow sprung,
Which gagg'd her late loquacious tongue.
“ Odsbobs !” cry'd WILLY—“ why the deuce
“ Give me sic scandal and abuse !
“ What ails you?—Now, by all that's bad,”
“ You must be either drunk or mad :
“ What have I dune—What have I said—
“ That all this hurly-burly's made ?
“ I said before, and say sae now,
“ I kiss'd the lass—for love of you !
“ Nae matter—for by all that's good,
“ Ye'll hear nae mair of WILLY Wood.”
He then attempted to withdraw,
Which GRIZZLE, 'midst her sorrow, faw,
And very wisely thought it meet
To intercept the foe's retreat,
Because, to compass his release,
She might obtain a better peace.
“ Indeed,” (she cry'd, but not before
She'd clapt her back against the door)

“ You shall not move a peg from hence,
“ Until I’ve made you recompense :
“ A murrain take my noisy tongue,
“ For having such a clamour rung !
“ But tho’ it seem’d so loud and warm,
“ My heart, believe me, meant no harm ;
“ For on my conscience I protest,
“ Of all my suitors you’re the best :
“ Nay more than that, I truly think,
“ Of prudence you’re the very pink,
“ And one like you, of sober sense,
“ Will never surely take offence
“ At woman’s frail impertinence : }
“ But if you will my rage forgive,
“ I’ll try to love you while I live,
“ Nor e'er again such folly harbour.”—
“ Well said,” cry’d Willy—“ *that’s the barber!*
“ I will forgive you, and for life
“ Accept you as my wedded wife—
“ Disclaiming every sordid view,
“ Because I ken this maxim’s true,—

“ A prudent wife, without a shift,
“ Will always prove a better gift, }
“ Than yen wi’ geer, and lack of thrift :
“ But still ye ken there’s nae great harm
“ To keep yen’s pocket rather warm ;
“ For money merits some regard,
“ In times like these sae very hard ;
“ But both your person and your purse
“ Ise take for better or for worse.”
The widow due attention lent,
And—like a virgin—blush’d consent.

Now quite impatient of delay,
They nam’d an early wedding day, }
And WILLY—ere he went away,
In earnest of her future bliss,
Gave his intended bride a kiss.
To both the intervening space
Appear’d as many months as days ;
With *ber* the hope of future joy
Did every passing hour employ ;

While WILLY oft revolv'd in mind,
The golden pleasures *he* should find :
Meantime, by WILLY's sage advice,
The marriage banns were publish'd thrice ;
For this, to such a saving man,
Appear'd by far the cheapest plan ;
He deem'd a licence for th' occasion
Extravagance and ostentation.

At length the happy morning came,
Our hero, with his eager dame,
With glad assent repair'd to church,
And soon were lock'd in Hymen's lurch—
A lurch from which the hand of Fate,
Alone, can mortals liberate ;
For marriage is a potent chain,
Which only death can burst in twain ;
But which, with all its junctive parts,
Can never bind two vicious hearts.
Our wedded pair, sedate and grave,
Resolv'd all costly show to wave,
And therefore made a private wedding,
No stocking thrown—or formal bedding :

Anticipating more delight,
To banquet by themselves at night.

WHEN weary Phœbus in the West
Reclin'd on Thetis' lap to rest ;
When gloomy night again unfurl'd
Her fable curtain o'er the world ;
When Morpheus wav'd his poppy wand
O'er all the cloud-envelop'd land ;
Our drowsy bridegroom yawning led
His partner to the nuptial bed ;
And there we left them for a night—
To sleep—if that gave most delight ;
Because, in truth, the modest Muse
Such freedom never yet could use,
To pry, with rude uncivil airs,
Thro' keyholes, into love affairs ;
Permit her, therefore, now to tell
What the succeeding morn befel :
The wedding night, it plainly seem'd
Had not with joy and pleasure beam'd ;

Nor did the torch of Hymen's boon
Light up a splendid honey-moon,
At breakfast time the hapless bride
Look'd very far from satisfy'd ;
For at her newly-wedded spouse
She frownd with fullen—clouded brows ;
While WILLY try'd to sooth her grief
By words—but words gave no relief ;
She needed more substantial fare,
To dissipate her mental care :
But tho' he, doubtless, did suspect
Her grief arose from *one* neglect,
His cause could never be defended,
And little said was soonest mended ;
Complaining that, tho' indispos'd
At present—ere the week was clos'd,
He hop'd by solid means to prove
The vigour of his *rising* love.
At WILLY's words, expiring Hope
Reviv'd, and GRIZZLE ceas'd to mope—
Resolv'd to practise every plan
To stimulate the *rights of man* ;

Still fondly hoping she could drill,
And form him to her future will :
No means untry'd, nor money spar'd,
By which his health might be repair'd,
Providing many a dainty dish,
To kindle up an am'rous wish—
Dishes, indeed, that might provoke
An hoary saint to *crack a joke*—
Might make a marble statue glow,
Or animate a man of snow ;
But maugre all his pamp'ring diet,
Poor WILLY still *lay very quiet* :
She languish'd many sleepless nights,
Expecting matrimonial rights ;
But all in vain—for WILLY WOOD,
Alas ! could do her little good ;
So flew, determin'd to declare
Her sad affliction to the Mayor,
Who sent a serjeant of his quorum,
To bring the culprit straight before him.
He came, alas ! in sad disgrace,
With horror pictur'd on his face ;

And when they plac'd him at the bar,
His wife thus wag'd domestic war :—
“ An't please your worship, this poor flat,
“ Pretending to—*the Lord knows what*—
“ Held out to me a pleasing plan,
“ Which promis'd all *the gifts of man*,
“ And robb'd me of my widow'd fame,
“ By—*nothing*—that deserves a name !”
“ Hout, hout ! thou's crazy, canny wife,”
“ Exclaim'd the May'r—“ for, 'pon my life,
“ With such a rigmarole you run,
“ We cannot gueſſ what WILLY's done.”
“ Done, Sir,” said ſhe—“ that's hard to gueſſ ;
“ I'm ſure your worship can't do leſſ :
“ Ah ! Sir, God bless you !—would your lady
“ Be treated fo, and not upbraid ye ?”
“ Pſha ! do not trifle thus with time,”
Rejoin'd the May'r—“ but state his crime ;
“ Or go thy ways—I'll bet th'a guinea,
“ Thou's stark-mad wrong, my bonny hinny.”
“ What right,” ſhe cry'd, “ what right had he,
“ Poor fumbling wretch ! to marry me ?

“ Who’s no more fit for wife or wench,
“ Than any member of this bench— }
“ Is to engage ten thousand French !” }
On this the worthy chairman rose,
And clapt his glasses on his nose,
Resolv’d to try what he could do,
In taming such a noisy shrew :—
“ I fancy”—groping near his fob—
“ You’re hither come to make a job ;
“ But I’ve a very charming knack
“ At gagging such infernal clack :
“ Then quickly state thy grievous cause,
“ Nor teaze us with your hums and ha’s !”
“ O do me justice—do me right,”
She said—“ nor let this arrant bite
“ Cajole me—for tho’ quite uncommon,
“ I here demand the *rights of woman* !
“ Pray let a board of females be
“ Conven’d—to judge ’tween him and me ;
“ And if I make the charges good,
“ Against my husband WILLY WOOD,

“ Your Worship then, I do depend,
 “ Will stand my stout and steady friend ;
 “ Such useless creatures—you’ll admit—
 “ Are not for honest women fit !”

Here GRIZZLE ceas’d—Then thus the May’r
 Address’d his brethren from the chair :—

“ ODSHEFT ! we all know *Skipper Clark* *
 “ Has got a stomach like a shark,
 “ And can—if he’s a mind to try,
 “ Devour a bullock in a pie ;

* A NOTED glutton, who possessed so enormous an appetite, that he is reported to have devoured the hind quarter of an ass at one meal ; and was so entirely divested of the senses of taste and smelling, that it mattered not to him of what *quality* his food consisted, provided he obtained a sufficient *quantity* to gorge his voracious maw ; nor was he less filthy, than meagre and ghastly, in his person. Amongst the numerous anecdotes related of him, the writer presumes the following will fully evince the superiority of his gormandizing ability :—

IN the early part of his life, *Skipper Clark*, having occasion to make a journey to Alnwick, in Nor-

“ What then?—Sure he’s not ill to pass,
“ Who eats—a *quarter of an ass*!
“ And why give such a glutton more,
“ Than might suffice at least a score?

thumberland, was requested by a person in Newcastle to carry a message to a friend residing at the former place; which he very civilly undertook to deliver. Arriving at Alnwick on the following Sunday, he proceeded immediately to execute his commission, and was kindly pressed to dine with the venerable old couple, to whom the message was addressed; an invitation which *Skipper* felt not the smallest inclination to decline. Of all the days in the year, it happened to be that of their annual festival; an ample provision had, therefore, been made for a party of country relatives, who, unfortunately, were prevented from paying their customary visit by the inclemency of the weather, eight and forty hours successive rain having deluged all the circumjacent country. Fate, however, seemed to have sent *Skipper* to supply the place of *all* the expected visitants; for, sitting down to dinner, he was highly delighted to behold, smoaking on the table, a fine plump boiled leg of mutton of about nine pounds weight, a huge piece of roast beef, and a clumsy plum pudding. Here was a glorious opportunity for the display of his guttling faculties! and *Skipper* appeared deter-

“ For moderate folks allow at least,
“ Enough’s as good as any feast.
“ Now, who can tell but she may be
“ Voracious to the full as he,

mined to avail himself of it. Being entreated to make free, and help himself with whatever he liked best, he made a vigorous attack upon the mutton, gulping it down in large mouthfuls, as if he intended afterwards to *chew his cud*, thereby to controvert the popular opinion, and prove himself a *clean beast*. In short, he gobbled the viands in so ravenous a manner, that the poor astonished couple could not swallow a morsel for staring at their guest, who in a few minutes contrived to shew them as clean a bone as ever they had seen in the course of their lives; and was preparing to storm the roast beef---when his worthy host and hostess thought it prudent to check the progress of his arms, by making a precipitate retreat with the beef and pudding---pursued, however, by Skipper’s longing eyes. Having secured the two dishes, they returned to their half-glutted visitor, repeating the pious ejaculation---“ *From such a monstrous glutton, good Lord deliver us!*”

Had Gibraltar been garrisoned by such men as *Skipper*, during the late siege, Don Carlos the Third might probably have boasted the acquisition of a long-envied feather for his already too unwieldy regal plume !

" Exacting more, for ought we know,
" Than any mortal can bestow? " *Explanatory*

" For my part, Sirs, I frankly own,
" He seems a very sturdy clown, *from ant*

" More fit for wife or widow's sport, *Explanatory*

" Than any member of this court. *and baA*

" 'Tis true we may decide—but then *gbuT*

" Can that the province be of men, *Convincing* }
" Which appertains to female ken? *In blueW*

" A board of matrons, you'll agree, *soft noo*

" Will far the fittest method be, *in vi've brA*

" To sift the crime of WILLY WOOD, *hot oT*

" And make his matters understood: *aid oT*

" If they the culprit should convict, *Ha yaT*

" Let them the punishment inflict! *b'ndoxI*

" Nor can my good colleagues begrudge
" To let their ladies *try and judge.*" *soft d'k*

" I therefore move"—another cried—

" That Madam Mayress do preside;

" That each appoint a proper place,

" To question WILLY—*face to face!*

" Then at a certain stated time

" Pronounce their verdict—on his crime."

THIS motion—to transfer the cause—
Extorted loud and warm applause ;
And GRIZZLE, smiling glad assent,
Trudg'd homeward with a heart content,
Convinc'd this host of female skill
Would soon her fairest hopes fulfil :
Soon after which the court adjourn'd,
And ev'ry member home return'd,
To tell the very welcome news
To his belov'd—and loving spouse.
They all—as you may well surmise—
Declar'd the project vastly wise,
And glad the gallant female band
Resolv'd to take *the thing* in hand.

WHAT kind of verdict they preferr'd,
The Muse declares she never heard ;
Altho' there's reason to suppose,
In WILLY's favour *little* rose,

That *nothing* turn'd out very strong
To prove her accusation wrong :
But from that time a blot of shame
Attach'd itself to WILLY's name ;
For when a stigma's ever flung
On any man—or old or young,
Enough is always understood,
In styling him a—WILLY WOOD!!!

END OF THE TALE.

THE GOLDEN GLOBE

for we're turn'd out like
to have per se acquisition now :
the last time I told of poor
A. or John's name
for a girl & so had
one man to do so many
household works & money
BEGOD Y. J. H. W.—s mid July A.

END OF THE TALE

THREE SONGS.

MODERN CROPS.

(*Tune-----THE LAMPLIGHTER.*)

WHEN high-frizz'd heads, like Friezeland fowls,
Our beaux did late display,
Each meagre phiz look'd like an owl's,
Beneath a cock of hay :
But prone to change, a new extreme
Pervades each fribbling fop,
Who now, the more uncouth to seem,
Hath dwindled to a crop.

How gladly some adopt the mode,
That reigns in modern day !
Because to dock their warm abode,
Drives troublesome guests away ;
Nor seems it odd, that many a beau
Wears poll as bare as chin ;
'Tis quite an emblem, well we know,
Of what's contain'd within.

This thrifty mode, moreover, saves
 What few incline to pay ;
 And makes them look like round-head knaves
 Of canting Cromwell's day :
 No piercing cold can enter in,
 To pinch them to the quick ;
 For tho' each brush be short and thin,
 Their skulls are devilish thick.
 In pyramid hats, with two-inch sticks,
 When lounging at the play,
 With jilts they shew their monkey tricks,
 Talk much—but nothing say :
 If slyly when one makes a dip,
 Detection e'er assail,
 He'll nimbly thro' your fingers slip,
 Like a pig with soapy tail.

FAVOURITE SCOTCH SONG.

Sung by Miss MILNE, at VAUXHALL, last season.

A WEE before the close of day,
 When weary Sol was waning,
 Reclin'd upon a flow'ry brae,
 Thus Sandy sat complaining :—

O what a gowk was I to love,
 Sae meikle time to spend on't,
 Since Meg will neither kinder prove,
 Nor frankly make an end on't.

Since Meg began to scowl and flyte,
 And torture me wi' scorning,
 I joyless gang to bed at night,
 And rise wi' grief at morning ;
 But let her sourly-gloom and spurn,
 For troth she may depend on't,
 Whene'er she gecks—I'll geck in turn,
 And gar her make an end on't.

Now scarce had Sandy utter'd this,
 Ere Meg appear'd—whose beauty
 Portray'd a scene of future bliss,
 And brought him to his duty :
 O take my hand, dear Meg, cry'd he,
 For weel may you depend on't ;—
 Then led her to t e kirk wi' glee,
 And there they made an end on't.

THE DREAM,

A SONG for a NEWCASTLE MAN.

Rough roll'd the roaring river's stream,
 And rapid ran the rain,
 When Robert Rutter dreamt a dream,
 Which rack'd his heart with pain ;
 He dreamt there was a raging bear
 Rush'd from the rugged rocks,
 And strutting round with horrid stare
 Breath'd terror to the brocks.*
 But Robert Rutter drew his sword,
 And rushing forward right,
 The horrid creature's thrapple gor'd,
 And barr'd his rueful spite ;
 Then stretching forth his bawny arm,
 To drag him to the stream,
 He grappled Grizzle, rough and warm,
 Which rouz'd him from his dream.

* Badgers.

THE END.